

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

When calm of heaven's ether and the earth;
The world's new day is born, and all
The things that were are new, and all
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I linger where the daisies throng,
The golden daisies throng, and all
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HIS WIFE'S FRIEND.

When Phil Partlow married Florence Tragger, his friends said that in selecting a wife he had been true to his business, for he was a note broker, who dealt only in what is called "gilt-edged paper," and Miss Tragger, like the notes which Phil bought and sold, was of the best origin and amply endorsed. Like many other popular business men who are in literature, Phil knew no more of music, art and society than he was obliged to do, but as it was the proper thing, when he was looking for a wife, for a lady to analyze an opera, criticize a picture and talk well about poetry and novels, the young man did not fully commit himself until he was assured that Miss Tragger was the envy of all her friends who were afflicted with the aesthetic craze. Young Collignon, whom Phil pronounced the greatest fool he had ever known in business, but who was believed to know all about music, declared that no pianist he had ever heard could interpret the music as skillfully as Miss Tragger. Collignon also said that he had never known another lady who had read Goethe's "Faust" in the original German. As for art, did not the two or three painters who were patronized by some of Phil's society friends always come at their best while chatting with Miss Tragger?

So Phil made love to Miss Tragger, who really was as accomplished as he believed her, and quite handsome besides, and in his persistent, business-like way he strove so hard to make himself conversant with the subjects in which the young man seemed most conversant, that his suit prospered. Miss Tragger believed him to be all he seemed, just as any other woman would have done, and just as Miss Tragger believed any woman would have been justified in doing, and as Miss Tragger had as much heart as head, she was so deeply in love when Phil proposed that she did not even protest against the early marriage which the young man, still prompted by his business habits, suggested.

And what a honeymoon they spent! The bride, who had always been of too strong character to be given to gushing, wrote two or three young ladies who were engaged that she pitied them from the bottom of her heart. Florence, like all persons of aesthetic taste, detested all things conventional, so, by having a dozen upholsters under contribution for the carpets for twelve rooms, and buying a single article of furniture at a time, and studying effect of paper and hangings, and having a piano case so wide that no possibility would it look like any other in the case, the bride enjoyed her honeymoon as if it were a business trip.

But lovers have appetites, and finally, when the honeymoon was over, especially when it occurred in New York, the young man became restive to return to business. Once back at his office, the force of habit made itself felt: he threw himself into his work with energy renewed by long rest, and from that time forward he thought and talked business whenever he was awake. He was so affectionate to his wife, he could not let her be alone, with a glorious creature like his own Florence, but neither could he help being suddenly inspired, in the midst of a conjugal conversation, to occasionally take a memorandum book from his pocket and make a business entry. He frequently said to his wife, "I have a moment to a hotel where business men were congregated at night, and the minutes which did not lengthen into hours were rare. He persisted in telling his wife, he had always talked business, after the day was over, to his male friends, so why should he not do so to Florence, who was his dearest of friends? He was frequently prevented from keeping his engagements with his wife for parties, or operas, or drives, and he mourned sincerely when he found that such failures always caused great disappointment, and that his explanations never seemed entirely acceptable as excuses.

This troubled his honest heart so much that one afternoon—a few hours before the first performance in New York of "La Gioconda," which he had promised to go with his wife—he was made entirely miserable by the necessity of investigating for himself the rumor that a fire had broken out and burned largely in the theatre. He was at first inclined to let the paper and their notes go to ruin rather than have his wife disappointed, then he realized that money was money, and that Florence would certainly be sensible enough to understand when he should tell her all about it. While he was thus musing what to do, Collignon snatched into the office.

"Col," exclaimed Partlow, "don't you want to take my wife to the opera to-night? 'Twon't cost you anything. I've the tickets, carriage—everything."

The dawning joy answered in the affirmative as soon as he could catch his breath. "To be seen at the opera with a handsome woman was a delight which seldom fell to his lot. Phil wrote a hurried explanation to his wife, and went about his work with a much lighter heart than he had expected to carry. He felt still happier when, receiving his wife from her return from the opera, he learned that Florence had passed a very enjoyable evening, and that Mr. Collignon had really been very good company. Then she told Phil a great deal about the opera, and might have told him a great deal more had he not dropped off to sleep while she was talking.

After that, Phil frequently offered Collignon as a substitute. The fellow was nothing in particular to do, and he was glad enough to enjoy himself in good company at one of the man's expense. Some of "the boys" joked Phil on the subject, but of course they did not mean anything, said the busy young broker to himself; this to his wife's admiration characteristic of discovering, through her sympathy, whatever was good in any one; that the told her husband all she thought of Collignon, was to Phil sufficient to prevent suspicion. Indeed, the principal

effect was to amuse the young husband and cause him to throw the two people off together, so that he might have more that was new and astonishing about his stupid acquaintance.

So Phil dropped into his old business ways again, making the business day last until nearly midnight, and not always succeeding in dining at home. When Florence protested, Phil always explained that there was a great deal of money in his work, which they would spend in the good time coming, when he would not work so hard and they would be together more.

"Besides," he would say, "you should not feel lonesome, you know, for Collignon will be sure to drop in."

And Collignon usually did. Other gentlemen called occasionally, but marriage generally put most of a woman's admirers far from her; so, from being Mrs. Partlow's occasional escort, Collignon became a frequent visitor. He played on the piano for her and with her; he brought her new books; he read to her; he talked with her on any and every subject she might introduce. Phil, too, was quite willing to talk when he was at home, but the honest fellow had such a way of thinking aloud that his conversation was largely about what business he had done during the day, and of such of his business friends standing threatened to change, and what some acquaintance "on the street" had said or done about a horse, or a dog, or a yacht, or a girl.

From one of these brilliant conversational flights Phil was roused one evening by his wife saying:

"Phil, I want to go to Europe—at once."

"Hess me!" explained Partlow, "what for?"

"Because I want to—that is all. Isn't that reason enough?"

"Why, certainly, dear girl; but I can't bear to think of your crossing the ocean alone."

"Oh, Florence! You know I can't leave the business—not at such short notice, at least. I should lose lots of money."

"Wouldn't there be any left? If there would, let's lose the rest. I'd rather lose money than lose my husband—I don't have any husband now, do I?"

"Why, Florence, dear, I'm afraid you have got the blues. No husband? Ain't I home every night and morning? I solemnly swear to you that no other woman ever enters my mind."

"Mr. Partlow rose from her chair, looked over her husband and kissed him repeatedly. Phil looked into her face, and it occurred to him, suddenly, that she had not looked so charming before in months. He put his arm around her and seated her in his lap; he caressed her and called her tender names. Finally he said:

"I've been a brute. You need a change. You shall go to Europe."

Again Mrs. Partlow kissed her husband and repeatedly. She did not seem to know how to stop, but she suddenly did when Phil continued:

"When Phil continued: I know Collignon would be glad to make an excuse to go over on the same ship if I were to buy a ticket for him. Then you wouldn't be lonesome, you know."

Mrs. Partlow arose with an abruptness which startled her husband, and the manner in which she said "Very well," started over her husband into her face, with a glorious creature like his own Florence, but neither could he help being suddenly inspired, in the midst of a conjugal conversation, to occasionally take a memorandum book from his pocket and make a business entry. He frequently said to his wife, "I have a moment to a hotel where business men were congregated at night, and the minutes which did not lengthen into hours were rare. He persisted in telling his wife, he had always talked business, after the day was over, to his male friends, so why should he not do so to Florence, who was his dearest of friends? He was frequently prevented from keeping his engagements with his wife for parties, or operas, or drives, and he mourned sincerely when he found that such failures always caused great disappointment, and that his explanations never seemed entirely acceptable as excuses.

This troubled his honest heart so much that one afternoon—a few hours before the first performance in New York of "La Gioconda," which he had promised to go with his wife—he was made entirely miserable by the necessity of investigating for himself the rumor that a fire had broken out and burned largely in the theatre. He was at first inclined to let the paper and their notes go to ruin rather than have his wife disappointed, then he realized that money was money, and that Florence would certainly be sensible enough to understand when he should tell her all about it. While he was thus musing what to do, Collignon snatched into the office.

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"ANOTHER CARRION BIRD STRANGLER."

Fac-simile of wood cut printed in *Harper's Weekly*, May 13, 1876, after the first publication of the so-called Blaine charges.



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go with me. A few moments ago you left me the most wretched woman alive; he found me and tried to comfort me, and I was desperate enough to be willing to be comforted by anybody."

"No," said Phil, "I am a villain, but I don't want to be a villain. This was the first time."

"Do you doubt it?" proudly asked Mrs. Partlow.

"Then it shall be the last!" exclaimed Phil. "I'm going over with you my darling."

"How will you manage about the business?" asked Florence.

"By some straightforward lying," said Phil. "I'll make a sheet of paper and an envelope—I promise you I won't leave the vessel."

Phil was greatly missed by his party on the morning, and later worse in the evening, when a letter sent by the Sandy Hook announced that Mrs. Partlow had suddenly been taken too ill to remove from the steamer, so that humanity had compelled her husband to remain with her. Collignon, who had discreetly hurried ashore, made himself invisible, so that there was no one to deny the story, which without betraying the least bit of sympathy for the man, he carried her to the hospital. One consequence was that several friends who happened to be in England went to Liverpool to receive the invalid, and were amazed to find Mrs. Partlow healthier and handsomer than she had ever before been in her life. —*The Hour*.

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.—She can say "No," and stick to it for all time. She can also say "No" in such a soft, sweet way that it means "Yes." She can sharpen a man's wit and make him a plenty of pencils. She can dance like a pair of shoes two sizes too small for her and enjoy every minute of the time. She can pass a display window of a draper's shop without a yawn; if she is running to catch a train. She can walk half the night with a noisy baby in her arms without once expressing the desire to murder the infant.

She can appreciate a kiss from her husband seventy-five years after the marriage ceremony has taken place. She can suffer abuse and neglect for years, which one touch of kindness or consideration will drive from her recollection. She can go to church, and afterward tell you what every woman in the congregation had on, and in some rare instances can give a faint idea of what the text was. She can look her husband square in the eye when he tells her some cock-and-bull story about being "detained at the office," without betraying the least bit of sympathy for the man, he carried her to the hospital. One consequence was that several friends who happened to be in England went to Liverpool to receive the invalid, and were amazed to find Mrs. Partlow healthier and handsomer than she had ever before been in her life. —*The Hour*.

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WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.—She

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A Blaine and Logan club will be
organized at Humesville, next Saturday.
The Spiritualists opened their annual
camp meeting at Neshaminy Falls, last
Sunday.
—Dr. Fairbairn, of Annapolis, N. Y.,
preached at St. James church last Sunday
morning.
—Bristol will be represented at Pit-
tman Grove Camp Meeting by several
families.
—There are a number of deserted
husbands in Bristol. Their wives are at
the seashore.
—The excursion of the Knights of the
Mystic Chain last Saturday to Atlantic
City, was a financial failure.
—Robert Clark has purchased of
Samuel Swain the corner lot at Washing-
ton and Wood street, for \$20 per foot.
—There are a number of cases of
whooping cough among the children of
Bristol, and several deaths have oc-
curred.
—Mr. Patrick Cannon, a carpenter and
residing on Market street for the past
30 years, died last Monday. He was
over 80 years of age.
—Amos Allen, son of B. F. Allen,
formerly of Bristol, but now living at
Schuylers Station, fell from a hay rake
yesterday and had his head cut by the
teeth of the rake. His wounds are not
dangerous.
—We have received the catalogue of
the 85th annual fair of the Burlington
County Agricultural Society. The ex-
hibition will be held this year on Tuesday,
Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Octo-
ber 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th.
—A boy on Buckley street threw a
stone at a milk wagon last Monday and
caused the team to run away, spill the
milk and bruise the driver. It may have
been sport for the boy, but the conse-
quences were rather disastrous to the
other party.
—The Methodist Sunday School picnic
at Beverly Park yesterday afternoon was
much enjoyed by the participants. Be-
tween 200 and 300 attended. The Sun-
day School organ was taken along, and
singing, games and various pastimes were
indulged in. The excursion returned on
the 8 o'clock boat.
—Mr. William Hoot, aged 64 years,
while attending the Spring Garden M. E.
church, Philadelphia, on Monday evening
had an attack of paralysis. He was re-
moved to his residence, Thirty-fourth and
Wallace streets, where he expired in
about twenty minutes. Mr. Hoot has
been a resident of Bristol for the past
five years, having moved to the city
about July 1st. Interment at Bristol
Cemetery to-morrow afternoon.
—On Saturday, August 2nd, a popular
steambot excursion from Bordentown,
Tulleytown, Bristol and points below, will
be made to Cape May. The Silver Star
will convey passengers as far down the
river as Tulleytown, connecting at that
point with the John A. Warner; from
thence the latter steambot will take the
excursionists to the Republic's wharf at
Philadelphia. The fare for the round
trip is only 75 cents.
—On Tuesday morning Edward Baker,
of Bristol township, met with a serious
accident. He was on his way home from
Newportville and hearing a wagon coming
behind him, stepped to the side of the
road to let it pass. The conveyance hap-
pened to be a runaway team belonging to
Caleb Roberts, and the horses surging
from the middle of the road, knocked
Mr. Baker down, and two wheels of the
wagon passed over him, breaking two ribs
and bruising him considerably. It is the
opinion of his physician Dr. Groom, that
the injuries are not fatal.

THE BUCKS COUNTY GAZETTE.
THURSDAY AFTERNOON, JULY 24, 1884.
Published at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.
PUBLISHERS BULLETIN.
Single copies of the Gazette, in wrappers for mailing at this office, price, three cents.
The Gazette can be had at Chambers' News Agency, Mill street.
If you like this paper sent to some friend, you may be induced to subscribe. You thus do your friend a favor and oblige us.
BRISTOL POST OFFICE.
Arrivals and Departures of Mails.
New York—Arrives 7:00 and 11:15 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. Closes 7:00 and 11:15 A. M., and 7:30 P. M.
Philadelphia—Arrives 7:00 and 11:15 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. Closes 7:00 and 11:15 A. M., and 7:30 P. M.
Baltimore—Arrives 7:00 and 11:15 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. Closes 7:00 and 11:15 A. M., and 7:30 P. M.
Washington—Arrives 7:00 and 11:15 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. Closes 7:00 and 11:15 A. M., and 7:30 P. M.
New Orleans—Arrives 7:00 and 11:15 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. Closes 7:00 and 11:15 A. M., and 7:30 P. M.
San Francisco—Arrives 7:00 and 11:15 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. Closes 7:00 and 11:15 A. M., and 7:30 P. M.
London—Arrives 7:00 and 11:15 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. Closes 7:00 and 11:15 A. M., and 7:30 P. M.
Paris—Arrives 7:00 and 11:15 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. Closes 7:00 and 11:15 A. M., and 7:30 P. M.
Brussels—Arrives 7:00 and 11:15 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. Closes 7:00 and 11:15 A. M., and 7:30 P. M.
Amsterdam—Arrives 7:00 and 11:15 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. Closes 7:00 and 11:15 A. M., and 7:30 P. M.
Hamburg—Arrives 7:00 and 11:15 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. Closes 7:00 and 11:15 A. M., and 7:30 P. M.
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Sävar—Arrives 7:00 and 11:15 A. M., and 7:3

